The Evening World.

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THE PRICE OF BREAD.

SUFFERERS from the H. C. of L. read with approval Secretary Wallace's comment on present prices of bread and his forecast of lower prices soon to come.

A year ago, according to Secretary Wallace, the wheat in a loaf of bread cost more than one-third of the selling cost. Now only one-sixth of the selling cost buys the wheat.

The wheat in a loaf of bread now costs less than 44 per cent. of what it did a year ago. Bread is selling for 90 per cent. of last year's price.

But even more striking are the comparative figures of what used to be the 5-cent loaf. A year ago the average selling price over the country was 11 9-20 cents a loaf. To-day it is 10 3-10 cents, a decline of 1 3-20 cents. The wheat, however, has declined from 3 9-10 to 1 7-10, or 1 4-20 cents a loaf.

The bakers to-day are selling on a *larger absolute margin* over wheat cost than a year ago.

This is not right. The country will thank Secretary Wallace for making these facts public. It is very decidedly up to the bakers to justify themselves and explain why such a condition exists in this industry *and change the condition without delay.*

THE IMMIGRATION MUDDLE.

ONLY four days ago the new Three Per Cent. Immigration Law went into effect.

Yet already the Commissioner General of Immigration announces that the maximum quota for the month from Italy has been exceeded and that Italian immigrants numbering three times the quota are on the ocean on their way to Atlantic ports.

What excuse has Congress to offer for such a condition?

Why was it not foreseen?

Why did not the law provide for a check on embarkations, a limitation of passport visas, a selection in Europe of the limited number of immigrants who will be admitted?

Why did Congress pass a law without machinery to administer that law and make it effective without undue hardship to the immigrants and to the authorities?

If ever there was a botch job of legislation the Dillingham bill qualifies for the description. It is not even necessary to quarrel with the theory of the bill to prove it wholly bad.

It is, indeed, a striking example of the incapacity of Congress to deal with immigration.

Experts are needed.

"The industrial depression is the best thing that ever happened to the United States," Charles M. Schwab thinks.

Mr. Schwab would probably endure a boil on his neck with philosophic calm, and credit his bank account with its presumptive value as a purifier of the blood.

HOW CITIZENS CAN HELP.

MAGISTRATE SILBERMAN sentenced two subway rowdies to the workhouse the other day. In passing judgment he added: "If I had been on that car I would have broken their heads."

Despite this somewhat extra-judicial statement, few will find any fault with the expression of opinion by the Magistrate. Five days in the workhouse is not a bit too much for roughs who make subway journeys worse than they need to be.

Magistrate Silberman is to be commended for his decision, but in this case even more credit seems due Edmund Beneheim, a passenger, who appeared in court against the rowdies.

New Yorkers are all too inclined to overlook their opportunities for making the city a better place to live in. Prompt punishment of misdemeanors usually depends on the adequacy of the evidence.

If more citizens were willing to complain against rowdies and roughs and then take the time to follow up the complaints in court, the Magistrates could be depended on to put the fear of the law in the hearts of these disturbers.

TAX EXEMPTION WORKS.

IN CONTRAST to most of the other city officials, Borough President Curran prepares occasional statements that radiate hope and optimism. Nor are his cheerful messages mere Pollyannaisms. He has the facts and figures to back his statements.

For the thirteen weeks since the tax exemption ordinance took effect Mr. Curran notes that building plans have been filed for more than 13,000 dwellings, an average of more than 1,000 per week and a great increase over last year. Moreover, a considerable majority of the new homes are to be in modest one and two family dwellings, which the ordinance was designed to encourage.

Tax exemption is accomplishing what The Evening World and Mr. Curran expected when they fought for it almost alone among newspapers and city officials. It is stimulating building of a most desirable type.

Other obstacles have interfered, but these are gradually giving way. A real building boom is coming, with its accompanying relief for harassed rent-payers.

The city needs this boom. The 1,000 a week average of the present is due to climb until new construction overtakes the pressing demand for more homes.

ONLY PAEANS?

PRESIDENT HARDING'S eloquence at Valley Forge envisioned "an America that can maintain every heritage and yet help humanity throughout the world to reach a little higher plane."

The President said:

> **"I can well believe that with maintained foundations, the one hundred millions of to-day will be the myriad of the future. I like to think of them all as loyal Americans, with faces to the front, marching on and on to achievement, clinging to their traditions and joining in a great swelling chorus, 'Glory be to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will to men.'"**

Would it be unfair to ask what specific, constructive contributions toward peace and good-will to men the earth may still expect from the Harding Administration, which has been in control of the foreign policies of the United States since March 4 last?

There exists a League of Nations in which upward of two score nations joined with the purpose of promoting peace on earth by reducing the probability of war.

This League of Nations does not and never did pretend to be perfect. But its covenant represents the one concrete, practical programme evolved to safeguard peace after the worst war in history. It is a covenant that can be changed where change is found necessary.

President Harding has turned his back on the League of Nations. He has offered nothing in its place. He paraphrases the purposes of the League when he writes or speaks. He declares them to be his own. But he takes no steps toward realizing the aims he professes.

His sole contribution to peace is words.

Again: The Borah resolution proposed a definite, straightforward move toward reducing the intolerable burden of armament costs and ending a competition that tends to provoke war. The three greatest naval powers were to be brought together to confer on an immediate programme for reducing naval armaments.

President Harding side-stepped the Borah resolution. His alternative disarmament plan—if he has any—is still a mystery. He is willing to discuss disarmament as an *aim*, but he *does* nothing to bring it nearer. His zeal for disarmament stops well short of disarming.

High purposes roll easily from President Harding's lips. Specific programmes for carrying out those purposes always find him looking another way.

The enemies of Woodrow Wilson denounced him as an idealist. At least Woodrow Wilson was an idealist ready to advance his ideals by practical means and measures. He didn't talk about "helping humanity to reach a higher plane" and at the same time reject every concrete plan which offered an opportunity thus to help humanity.

President Harding is an idealist who hopes "loyal Americans will go marching on, singing 'peace and good-will to men.'"

If similar paeans rising into the heavens are all President Harding's Administration means to give to an international movement to prevent war, the earth will not be much better for that historic "mandate of last November."

Following Atlantic City's prohibition of the one-piece bathing suit for women, Stony Point Beach invites them.

Here we have the Prohibition situation repeated. The virtuous dry town suffered from competition of the wicked wet town. The prudent stocking clad bathing resort suffers from the counter-attraction of the bare leg beach.

According to Prohibition philosophy, virtue must not be exploited. Stony Point must be corrected.

It is evident that a One-Piece Amendment to the Constitution is the only recourse. And even then Bimini and Havana might allow bare legs to take on a coat of sunburn.

TWICE OVERS.

"I THINK that our protection is not the man in uniform but a contented citizenship."—Senator Borah.

* * *

"ONE of the great difficulties with popular government is that citizenship expects at the hands of the Government that which it should do for itself."—President Harding.

* * *

"OUT of 7,000 cars about 1,000 are now idle. There is no travel."—The Pullman Company.

Lifting Another Lid!

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By John Cassel

From Evening World Readers

What kind of a letter do you find most readable? Isn't it the one that gives you the worth of a thousand words in a couple of hundred? There is fine mental exercise and a lot of satisfaction in trying to say much in a few words. Take time to be brief.

Attention, Motorists!

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The letter of Mrs. Randolph Marshall of May 11, 1921, was timely and meets with the hearty support of the women of Inwood, who for the past two months have been devoting two or more afternoons of each week to visiting the ex-service men's ward at Seton Hospital. These visits have done much to relieve the mental and physical wants of the convalescents, who are profuse in their thanks. Representing several organizations, it has been my privilege and pleasure to personally distribute delicacies and nourishment, candy, cigarettes, canes, fruit, writing paper, envelopes, lead pencils and other comforts.

There have been forwarded this week one dozen canvas reclining chairs, contributed by the Lena Invalid Aid Society Mothers' Club of P. S. No. 52 of Inwood and the Hebrew Sisterhood of Inwood. The Sunshine Committee of the Inwood Civic Forum devotes Tuesday and Friday to visiting the ex-service men. They bring to them just that little human attention in listening to their confidences which we all long for when shut off from the busy world.

Now, if only some of our patriotic fellow-citizens who are favored in the possession of an auto could devote a small part of their so fully socially occupied afternoons to taking a few of the boys out in the air and sunshine, it would add much to the continuance of the work these ladies have so nobly undertaken.

The ex-service men at Seton Hospital represent the best of American citizenship. They have given more than the supreme sacrifice, for it is almost a living death to go through each day the effects of shell shock or gassing; so we would add our indorsement to the plea for autos particularly, and any donations, even to clothes and other wearing apparel. Help the boys to help themselves. They all long for freedom, and one afternoon in the open may prove the open sesame to their speedy recovery.

MRS. HATTIE LISSBERGER.
No. 37 Vermilyea Avenue, New York City.

The "Funny" Dry.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I wonder if other readers of your valuable and courageous paper are as much amused at the letters of the professional "dry" as I am!

It's so very funny when he says that his Prohibition game is going to make better and healthier the growing generation. Personally, I can't see it for one minute. About the only thing he has accomplished in this affair is, that out of a Nation of decent, liberal and good natured people he has made a lot of whiskey drinking sneaks, liars and hypocrites.

Do these self-appointed and not one bit appreciated reformers ever think back to the fine lot of boys who went "over there" and cleaned up the mess? They belonged to a generation who could take a drink in the "open," and one sufficed, for we are not a Nation of and never have been a Nation of inebriates. They were boys with health, strength and courage, and many, many gave up their all. I know. And they were not Prohibitionists, either, but they were gentlemen whose brave deeds have been repaid with the medals they now wear. That is far more than the whole Anderson clique and their leader ever would have done. The extent of their fighting lay in sitting tight right here, writing insulting letters, mouthing and using intimidation wherever they could apply it to their own benefit.

The best thing that ever happened was the call from Mr. Drake. It is high time that the high-handed command of a few will be curbed, for now every man or woman who likes liberty is a criminal. Let us hope that July 4 will cure the evil. And let me say right now that Mr. Drake is no temporary "goat." He will go down in history as our deliverer from a rule of bigotry and hypocrisy.

A WOMAN READER.
Tompkinsville, S. I., May 31.

Too Many Peddlers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Being a constant reader of your valuable paper and knowing your fairness on all subjects, I wish to call your attention to the condition of Columbia Street from Degraw to Summit Street, a distance of six blocks. On one side of the street are peddlers' wagons in line, and it is almost impossible for pedestrians to walk up or down. Cars have to stop while trucks supplying the stores along their routes are unloaded, and it seems the tenants of the stores have to put up with the inconvenience.

Was this privilege granted by the city? If not, by whom? Do the tenants of the stores have no say? It used to occur only on a Saturday, but now it's six days a week.

J. MORAN.
Brooklyn, May 31, 1921.

Morals and the Amendment.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The Prohibitionists are bragging of the number of States that have voted themselves dry. And, as usual, they misrepresent facts. There is a great difference between State Prohibition and National Prohibition (Eighteenth Amendment). Many thousands of moderate drinkers voted dry for State Prohibition, but for National Prohibition would vote wet, because they wish to keep their home town dry so that the poor and the rough element cannot obtain liquor. But they themselves can purchase by the wholesale from the nearest wet State, which they could not do under National Prohibition. They must now depend upon the bootlegger. In proof of this, note the change of heart of the present Texas Legislature, a State that voted itself dry. They have just passed a law which makes it more difficult to convict the bootlegger. Their object is obvious.

The arguments of the Prohibitionists are usually based on morals. It is a matter of fact that there is no established authority on morals. Morals are a matter of opinion. I attended a church entertainment one Sunday evening a few years ago. At the rear of the hall was a regulation bar where whiskey, beer and soft drinks were sold. It was largely attended by women and children. An orderly, pleasant evening was enjoyed by all. Not one soul I to think he or she had done anything wicked. At another church entertainment the wheel of fortune was in operation. Every turn of the wheel gave the church a rake-off. It was more of a gamble than the roulette wheel, because the church could not lose. In roulette the backer at times goes broke. No one thought he was doing anything wicked.

Morals are but a matter of conscience. As to Prohibition, morals have nothing to do with it. It is the wishes of the people that should prevail, and not the morals of a few fanatics and highly paid reformers. The Eighteenth Amendment is a violation of the very principles of the Constitution itself.

W. S. D.
New York, June 1.

UNCOMMON SENSE

John Blake

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EVERYDAY INSPIRATION.

Last Sunday's newspapers printed a picture of the head of one of New York's biggest banks. He was in a baseball uniform, and but for a mustache—an ornament now discarded by ball players—looked like a professional.

The picture was taken at an outing of the Bond Club. The banker served as pitcher for the New York team. The type below recited the fact that he got his first job in an Albany bank because he was a crack ball player; applied himself to banking as eagerly as he had applied himself to baseball, and in a few years was well on the way to his present position.

It is needless to say that this particular baseball player didn't put all he had into the game. He was unusually gifted as a pitcher and might easily have got into one of the big leagues, too.

But he had the good sense to know that baseball was not a steady business and that banking was. And instead of seizing an opportunity to make fairly big money early in youth, he was content to try the banking business on a small salary.

Of course, there are a good many men who started in the banking business when he did, and who are still about where they were when they started. But at least they still have steady jobs. If they had taken to baseball they would not be doing as well.

Our object in referring to this particular case is to call attention to the fact that if you want inspiration in your work you can get it in the newspapers—plenty of it.

Brief bits of biography such as the one we have cited appear almost every day.

Seldom is a prominent man's name mentioned in connection with an important affair that you do not learn something about how he started and why he succeeded.

If you want to read about the failures and the horrible examples, you can read about them, too, usually in the divorce proceedings.

While this man was rising from a bank clerk to a bank President another man who started as an important official of a bank—chiefly because his father owned most of it—was preparing to travel in the other direction. He made the journey, and has just arrived at the point he started for.

All human history is epitomized in the daily news and in the magazines which are just awakening to the fact that it is from the lives of others that we learn to form our own.

Read the papers, read the magazines. Think about what you read. After that if you don't succeed it will not be because nobody told you how.

The Pioneers of Progress

By Svetozar Tonjoroff

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XIII.—THE MAN WHO BUILT THE FIRST ROAD.

The first path led to a drinking place—not a saloon, but a place where wild animals drink water.

The stranger in Boston finds no difficulty in believing that the streets of that city were laid out by the cows. But the first path known to man is at least a million years older than the oldest cowpath in oldest Boston.

It was made by wild animals crashing through the jungle on their way to and from the lake shore or river bank, at which they slaked their thirst.

The first road builder—the precursor of the Romans and of Macadam and of the commissioner of highways and of the Lincoln Memorial Highway Commission—was thus an animal, let us say a mastodon, a sabre-toothed tiger or an aurochs, the European forebear of the Holstein and the Jersey cow.

Let us follow the first primitive human road builder as he goes about his task. He is making his difficult way through the virgin forest. He strikes the track made by wild animals—monsters beside which he appears a puny creature. But already he has shown his superiority to the wild animals, because he is dressed in their skins.

This primitive man is doubtless following the track he has found for the purpose of ambushing the wild animals—the wild boar, the antelope or the aurochs—at their drinking place. He is travelling the path laboriously. For the path is uneven. It is obstructed by a fallen tree or overgrowing shrubbery.

To clear these obstacles—rather than climb or jump over them, as the animals do—he bends down and removes the fallen tree, perhaps with the help of his fellows, or removes a hillock.

The removal of that fallen tree or that hillock by this ancestor of ours was the first conscious, reasoning act of roadbuilding in the long history of the race. In the wake of that first roadbuilder has followed a great and distinguished company of engineers, of conquerors and of captains of industry.

The Roman engineers criss-crossed Europe with solid, stone-paved roads for the march of Caesar's legions or the transportation of the tribute rendered unto him. Stretches of these roads are still to be found in continental Europe and the British Isles after the span of centuries.

Macadam gave us a system that makes roads durable, repairable and maintainable at comparatively low cost.

James J. Hill spanned the North American Continent with the iron rails.

But the pioneer inventor of them all was the primitive man who first removed a fallen tree from his path as he followed the game track.

That act served as notice to the wild beasts that this was no longer a track for game but a road for men—a way, first for the hunter and then for the traveller bent on commerce in its primitive phase of exchange.

The wild beasts took account of this "no-trespass" sign. As the years wore on and the road was improved by other men, the forest creatures recognized the new ownership by vacating the man's road as a regular way to their drinking places.

The game-track became a road.

Super Business Women

By Helen Page

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BEATRICE CARR.

Statistician for One of New York's Big Bond Houses (Robinson & Co.).

The complaint often made by young business women eager to forge ahead into more important positions is couched in criticism of an employer's hesitancy to permit women to assume responsibility which if unwisely placed might result in business disaster.

However, Miss Beatrice Carr, statistician to a big Wall Street bond house, can voice no such complaint. The high trust placed in her excellent and discerning judgment by the old conservative house that employs her is clear recognition of her unusual ability. In her ten years' connection with this firm, Miss Carr has acquired a knowledge of public utilities and corporations and other financial interests of the country that would match up with some of the keenest minds in Wall Street. At the same time she possesses qualities that have earned for her the high reputation she enjoys as a thorough and most reliable investigator.

After Miss Carr has submitted a report on any class of bonds or securities that the firm contemplates handling, or that any of their clients have expressed a wish to obtain, her employers have the comfortable assurance that the report represents "the last word," as it were, of desired information. Frequently Miss Carr, when submitting a report, will advance some personal suggestion, and it is the excellent judgment that she exercises in all these matters that has won for her a reputation as an authority on important transactions, which often run up into millions during the course of a year.

In fact, Miss Carr is spoken of by her business associates as the Sherlock Holmes of this particular business.

From the Wise

Liberty is a principle; its community is its security; exclusiveness is its doom.—Kossuth.

A man to be happy does need five years of Latin, six years of Greek or a thorough understanding of Einstein's theory of relativity. But at least two square meals a day are necessary for happiness.—Notkin.

Drunkenness is an egg from which all vices are hatched.—Anonymous.

***Knowledge without justice ought to be called cunning rather than wisdom.*—Plato.**